


High on a mountain, right up at the top,
a flurry of snowflakes had come to a stop.





The Snow had been there for as long as she knew,
frozen and lonely with nothing to do.

She sat very still and looked up at the sky—
watching wide-eyed as the clouds wandered by.

Oh, how she wished she could join them up there—
floating so wonderfully free through the air.



Gracefully gliding, with ballroom-like ease,
twirling past mountaintops covered in trees.



Over the river and on to the bay
where, reaching the ocean, the clouds waltzed away.

